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1	9,919,177	9,400
2	9,919,177	9,372
3	9,919,177	9,344
4	9,919,177	9,316
5	9,919,177	9,288
6	9,919,177	9,260
7	9,919,177	9,232
8	9,919,177	9,204
9	9,919,177	9,176
10	9,919,177	9,148
11	9,919,177	9,120
12	9,919,177	9,092
13	9,919,177	9,064
14	9,919,177	9,036
15	9,919,177	9,008
16	9,919,177	8,980
Total daily	9,919,177	855,961
Average	9,919,177	9,489
Total Sunday	9,919,177	81,866
Average Sunday	9,919,177	30,416

* Largest Daily and Sunday *
* Circulation in Salt Lake proved *
* by investigation. *

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Partly cloudy, with rain or snow.
THE METALS.
Silver, 50 1/2c per ounce.
Copper (cash), 13 1/2-15c per pound.
Lead, 44 1/2c per 100 pounds.

SQUARE DEAL WANTED.

The special commissioner of the United States, W. J. Buchanan, is now at Caracas, the Venezuelan capital, for the purpose of negotiating with the new government for the resumption of diplomatic relations and looking into the various claims of citizens and corporations of the United States. With Castro barred from returning to the country prosperous times are ahead for Venezuela, unless the great powers swoop down like a flock of vultures upon the little republic.

Secretary Root has made strenuous endeavors to draw the South American republics closer to this country, commerce being of secondary importance to peace and good will, so there is much ground for hope that this country, at least, will not be a party to the robbing of the Venezuelans for the benefit of concessionaires whose titles would not bear the scrutiny of a competent court. William E. Curtis, correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, says our government has been guilty of gross injustice in the past by insisting upon the payment of damages, and gives utterance to the following regarding the claims of the Asphalt trust, the Orinoco corporation, George W. Crichtfield, the Franciscan Steamship company and A. F. Jurett:

"With the exception of the Crichtfield case, these are about the rottenest claims ever brought by one government against another, and, like most of the claims made against other American republics, they are brought by adventurers and speculators who went to Venezuela, obtained concessions from that government with enormous risks, and made their terms accordingly. Having lost their money, they demand that our government shall use its mighty power to recover it for them."

"All the trouble comes from adventurers who obtain speculative concessions or engage in questionable proceedings, and then, when they are beaten at their own game, come crying to Washington for the protection of the government. They present claims for several times the amount of damages they have suffered, and give their attorneys half the money our government can collect for them."

"The most serious claim is brought because the Venezuelan government revoked a concession given to an American drummer as an inducement to marry and take to New York a lady who was giving the dictator of Venezuela a great deal of trouble. That contract passed into the hands of a company which financed a revolution to overthrow President Castro; when he discovered the fact he revoked their privileges and ordered their agents out of his country, which any self-respecting president would have done. What would President Roosevelt have done under such circumstances?"

Notwithstanding these facts there are men in both branches of congress who have been trying to force the administration to use the great navy of the United States for the benefit of the Asphalt trust and adventurers with unsavory records. Our future relations with the South American republics depend in a great measure upon the action taken by this country in Venezuela. Having been a party to the conspiracy to wrest the isthmus of Panama from Colombia, which can never be satisfactorily explained to the South and Central Americans, the participation of the United States in the looting of Venezuela, or even allowing it to be done by other nations, would forever alienate our southern neighbors.

TAX ON COFFEE?

The new tariff bill must be a revenue-producing measure and the proposition to put a tax on coffee seems to have taken root in the minds of the ways and means committee. Even the Democrats are said to be willing to stand for a fraction of a cent a pound duty. But the Republicans insist that five cents is the proper figure. A billion pounds of coffee are consumed in the United States every year, one-fifth of

which is raised in the island possessions. With a duty of five cents about \$40,000,000 a year could be raised, but it would be extracted from the pocket-books of the housekeepers of the land.

Coffee was taxed along with pretty nearly everything else during the civil war, but the tariff was abolished in 1872 after a campaign had been conducted against it in behalf of the poor man's breakfast table. The McKinley law revived the duty on coffee, three cents a pound being the sum fixed, the duty running against countries with which reciprocity agreements could not be negotiated. During the time the tariff on coffee was in effect the revenues were increased by from five to twelve million dollars annually, but it was never popular with the people who paid it.

While it is imperative that the revenues of the country be increased, it is doubtful if a tariff measure containing a tax on coffee could get through the house, the Republicans having in mind the disastrous effects of the McKinley bill upon the elections in 1892. Tariff tinkering has always been a difficult as well as dangerous job for the party engaged in it, and the present effort at revision is no exception to the rule.

"ALASKA" WHEAT SWINDLE.

The agricultural department appears to have knocked on the head a scheme whereby some enterprising people of Juliette, Idaho, had much money in sight. It was claimed that a new kind of wheat would yield anywhere from 100 to 200 bushels to the acre, and much advertising matter was scattered broadcast throughout the country boasting the game. The attention of Secretary Wilson was called to the matter, and a wheat specialist was sent out to Idaho to investigate. The specialist found that about 700 acres had been sown in "Alaska" wheat, and that the yield averaged in the neighborhood of 25 bushels to the acre, which was very much short of the 100 to 200 bushels promised.

A test was made of the wheat for bread-making purposes, and the product was of the most inferior kind. It was so poor, in fact, that it was not even good fodder for cattle. But the promoters had a good thing in the wheat, for their 700 acres had produced 17,500 bushels of grain, and they proposed parceling it out in one-bushel lots for seeding purposes at \$20 per bushel, and many contracts had been entered into. Then the department of agriculture expert, Mr. Jardine, happened along, and visions of \$350,000 for the 17,500 bushels of wheat went glimmering, all because the schemers began their advertising a couple of weeks too early. In his report Mr. Jardine says:

"No sooner had they advertised this wheat as returning a yield of 100 bushels or more to the acre, than the department began to receive inquiries. We knew there was some sort of fraud connected with the scheme, and our preliminary investigation showed that we were right: that the so-called 'Alaska' wheat was nothing more than the old 'Mummy' wheat, or 'seven-head' wheat that had been exploited throughout the country some time since. We knew all about that wheat, and lost no time in sending out word to the farmers that the Alaska wheat was a fraud, pure and simple, and advised prospective purchasers to put no money into the scheme. So rapidly did our warning spread that most communities were reached. When I arrived at Juliette to make my investigation I discovered that the promoters of the Alaska wheat swindle had on file orders for every bushel of wheat they had grown, but I also learned that telegrams were coming in by the score cancelling previous orders. How much wheat they actually sold at \$20 per bushel I do not know, but I have reason to believe that their sales were comparatively light. And yet, had it not been for the warning given, every bushel of Alaska wheat grown would have been sold at that fabulous price, and every man who bought it would have awakened to learn that he had been swindled."

Every once in a while the farmers of the country are bunked by clever rascals who have something new for them, the "Bohemian" oats swindle being a bright and shining example. The proper thing to do when anything of the kind is offered is to communicate with the agricultural department before getting in on the ground floor.

NEW YORK SAVED BY PRAYER.

Lee Spangler, the man who predicted the end of the world on December 27 and escaped from his Nyack, New York, dupes when the prophecy proved untrue, has been heard from in Pennsylvania. The "prophet" is by no means abashed by the failure of Gabriel to blow his trumpet on the date mentioned, and says he informed the saints when the signs began to fail, and told them they could do as they liked about going up the mountain. Not caring to witness their disappointment he went home. To Spangler's mind the incident "only serves to show how few people will be watching when the time does come. God has only deferred the time a little longer," he says. "The real reason for this is that the New York ministers and the people learned through my prophecies that the time had come, and they all got down on their knees and prayed so hard that they saved the city, like Nineveh, for the time being."

So New York is better than Sodom, notwithstanding all the bad things that are said about it, for ten righteous men could not be found in the ancient city, and the fire descended and consumed it. "Prophet" Spangler is not going out of the business, but the next time he fixes the date for the destruction of the world it will be far enough in the future to give more people time to become excited and purchase their white robes. That he will have followers goes without saying, owing to the fact that weak-minded people are naturally attracted to the long-haired,

cranks. A sort of mutual sympathy which cannot be explained.

In the meantime John Hays Hammond is making himself as conspicuous as he conveniently can. Evidently there's something in sight, a "prospect" at least.

This is the day set apart for the president to express his opinion of certain senators and representatives. Tomorrow bricks may be flying in the vicinity of the White house.

Rain in January isn't just the proper caper for this latitude, at least not so early in January. Moreover, we didn't need it.

The political sky will assume a different hue when Heyburn steams into Boise, provided the senator does not explode with wrath en route.

The people of Birmingham, Alabama, show signs of steel trust influence. The taffy dished out to Taft makes the fact only too apparent.

Pittsburg is to have a skyscraper temple of worship. If high enough there's hope for the Pittsburghers.

HE PREFERRED THEM SOFT.

(New York Press.)

Mrs. Semblich, at one of the dinners in New York that the unwelcome news of her approaching retirement elicited, vivaciously related stories of the stage.

"I know," said Mrs. Semblich, "that you have in America a tragedian who plays Hamlet behind a screen, selling to grocers after each performance the fruit and vegetables that have missed their mark."

"This tragedian must be amusing. I regret that I have never seen him. I have, though, in Texas, seen Callino. Callino sings in falsetto the tenor solo role of Puccini's 'Tosca'."

"The public, especially in the 'star' song, make a target of poor Callino, and the afternoon I heard him sing, the deaf creature was pretty badly bruised."

"In the midst of his 'star' song, some one hit him with a turnip. His nose began to bleed, and he held up his hand for silence. When the music stopped, Callino said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, in the last act your missiles were chiefly eggs. Eggs are messy things; they make one's costume so stiff and sticky; and it's awfully odd, but I was just about to remark, when that turnip struck me, that I preferred turnips to eggs—only would it be asking too much of you to bolt them first?"

ABOUT THE SAME—NIT.

(New York Tribune.)

Harry Kellar, the reformed magician, was talking in Philadelphia about stage magic.

"It is not," he said, "so good as it used to be. The younger magicians do not study and practice as we of the previous generation did. Hence nowadays stage magic appears rather tame."

"But the young magicians don't think so. They are like an elderly fat man whom I saw at my tailor's the other day."

"Let me see, sir," said the tailor, "you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better remeasure you."

"All right," said the fat man, "you'll find no change in my figure, though."

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out and jotted down. The fat man said at the end:

"Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?"

"Yes, sir, about the same," was the reply. "Just a trifle lower down, that's all, sir."

HIS RATES WERE LOWER.

(Indianapolis News.)

An old-time traveling man was talking of experiences of former days on the road.

"Frequently," said this traveler, "I journeyed to Cincinnati. The fare from this city to that place was then about \$3.25. I saved something by having the conductor \$2 in cash. One day there was an excursion and I bought a round trip ticket for \$1.25 or \$1.50. I've forgotten the exact amount, but that circumstance need not cripple this story."

"When I handed this ticket to the conductor, as he tore off the return coupon he looked at me and in a voice betraying how deeply he was hurt, he remarked:

"My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?"

A DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

(Harper's Weekly.)

A Philadelphia woman, whose name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and



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JANUARY 11th

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It will be the biggest and best ever

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For the Month of January 1/4 OFF On All Goods Except Shoes, Overalls, Stetson Hats and E. & W. Goods

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call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"
"Well, mum," answered the girl, dubiously, "it's 'Darling'."

TIME MAY WORK WONDERS.
(Williamsport Grit.)
S. M. Wall of Atlanta, Ga., tells this story:
"A gentleman from the north was on a visit in South Georgia and, having nothing in view, one Sunday morning attended a negro Methodist church service.
"It happened that a young white man preached for them. After the services he walked behind a couple of old darkies to the village. A discussion of the merits of the minister was in vogue in the following:
"Massa Henry fine preacher, ain't 'e?"
"He shore am!"
"Good as Linkin, ain't 'e?"
"Shaw, Linkin can't teach 'im."
"Good as George Wash'n, ain't 'e?"
"Wash'n cud'n hole 'im a can't!"
"He ain't good as de Lord, am 'e?"
"No, but he's a young man yit!"

NO CHANCE FOR A MIRACLE.
(London Globe.)
One day Dr. Norman McLeod, who was a large and healthy man, and one of his burly elders, went to pay a visit to a certain Mrs. MacLaren of the congregation, who lived in the Scotch hills. She was a frugal woman, but determined that they should have the best in the house. So she piled the table with jellies and jam and preserves and shortbread, and they partook unsparingly.
After the meal the elder said to her: "Mrs. MacLaren, were you at the kirk on Sunday?"
"Oh, aye," she said, "I was."
"And what did you think of the treatment of the miracle?" (The sermon had been on the loaves and fishes.)
"I thought it was good," said Mrs. MacLaren.
"And what is your idea on the subject, Mrs. MacLaren?" asked the minister.
"Losh," said the hostess suddenly, "I'm thinkin' that if you and the elder had in the congregation there wadna be twelve baskets of fragments for the disciples to gather up!"

ROSE TO IT.
(Puck.)
Mr. Just introduced—Who is that awful homely man over there in the corner, Mr. Hobson?
Mrs. Hobson—That is Mr. Hobson.
Mr. J.—Ah, how true it is that the homeliest men always marry the prettiest wives!
A girl's hair grows twice as fast as a boy's.

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Coats	Shirtwaist Dresses	Waists
All velvets, cloth and fur coats, handsome evening wraps,	In silks, velvets, fancy wool and cloth,	All silk waists, evening waists, fancy wool waists—every waist in the house,
1/2 OFF	1/2 OFF	1/2 OFF
Gowns	Suits	Neckwear
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1/2 OFF	1/2 OFF	1/2 OFF

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Skirts and Silk Petticoats 1/2 OFF